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**H**IS FIRST EDITION OF ——  
NURSERY SONGS AND  
RHYMES PICTURED  
IN BLACK AND WHITE BY  
**W**INIFRED SMITH, ——  
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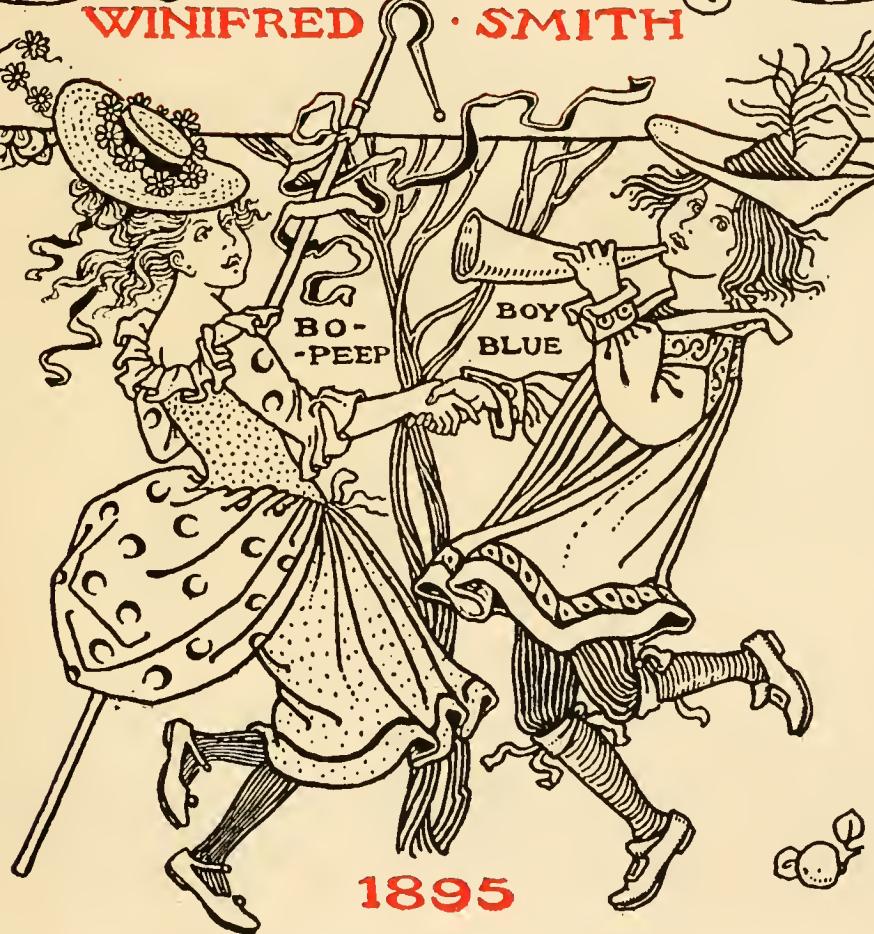
# NURSERY · SONGS · & · RHYMES

OF ENGLAND

PICTURED · IN · BLACK · & · WHITE

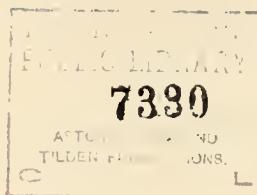
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WINIFRED · SMITH



1895

PUBLISHED · BY · DAVID · NUTT · IN · THE · STRAND

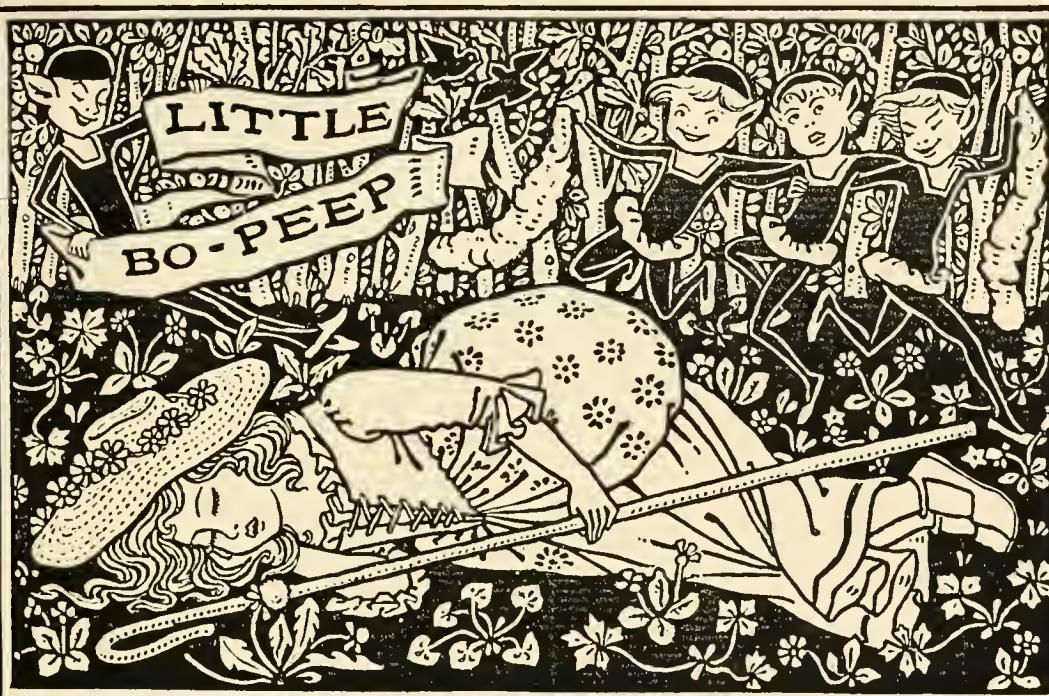




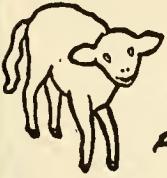
WS

**L**ITTLE BO-PEEP HAS LOST HER SHEEP,  
AND CANNOT TELL WHERE TO FIND THEM.  
LEAVE THEM ALONE, AND THEY'LL  
COME HOME **B**RINGING THEIR TAILS  
BEHIND THEM **B** O O O O O O O O O O O O





Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep, *o o o*  
And cannot tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them. *o*

 Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,  
And dreamt she heard them bleating  
But when she awoke she found it a joke,  
*o o* For still they all were fleeting. *o o*

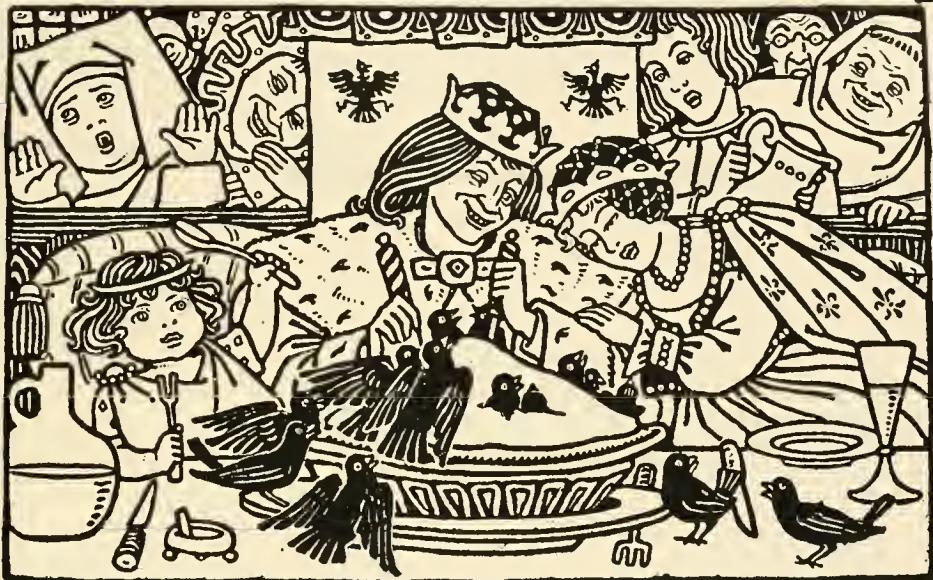
Then up she took her little crook, *o o o o*  
Determined for to find them; *o o o* bleed,  
She found them indeed, but it made her heart  
For they'd left their tails behind them. *o o*







# SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE



Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,  
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;  
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing  
Was not that a dainty dish to set before the king.

The king was in his counting house, counting  
    ○ ○ ○ ○ out his money, ○ ○ ○ ○  
The queen was in the arbour, eating bread  
    ❧   ❧   ❧   ❧ and honey;   ❧   ❧   ❧  
The maid was in the garden hanging out  
    ❧   ❧   ❧   ❧ the clothes,   ❧   ❧   ❧  
There came a little blackbird and snapt  
    ❧   ❧ off her nose.



○ ○ ○ SING-A-SONG-OF-SIXPENCE ○ ○ ○



The maid was in the garden  
hanging out the clothes,

There came a little blackbird  
and snapt off her nose.



## RIDE - A - COCK - HORSE



Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,  
To see a fine lady get on a white horse;  
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,  
She shall have music wherever she goes.



# DING · DONG · BELL



Ding, dong, bell ; Pussy's in the well.  
Who put her in ? Little Tommy Lin.  
Who pulled her out ? Little Tommy Stout.  
What a naughty boy was that  
To drown poor Pussy Cat.



# CURLY LOCKS



Curly locks! curly locks! wilt thou be mine?  
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine  
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,  
And feed upon strawberries sugar and cream.



# PAT-A-CAKE, PAT-A-CAKE

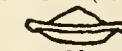


Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,  
Bake me a cake as fast as you can;  
Pat it and prick it and mark it with T,  
And put it in the oven for Tommy and me.



# LITTLE JACK HORNER



Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,  
Eating his Christmas pie;  plum,  
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a  
And said "What a good boy am I!"



# HUMPTY DUMPTY



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,  
All the king's horses and all the king's men  
Could not set Humpty Dumpty up again.



Pussy-cat, where have you been?



Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where have you been?  
I've been to London to look at the Queen.  
Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you there?  
I frightened a little mouse under her chair.



## THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman who lived  
in a shoe,  
She had so many children she didn't  
know what to do;  
She gave them some broth without  
any bread,  
She whipped them all well and put  
them to bed.







# GOOD KING ARTHUR



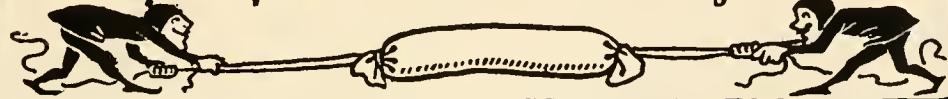
# GOOD KING ARTHUR



When good King Arthur ruled this land,  
He was a goodly king;  
He stole three pecks of barley - meal,  
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the queen did make,  
And stuffed it well with plums:  
And in it put great lumps of fat,  
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,  
And noblemen beside;  
And what they could not eat that night,  
The queen next morning fried.





THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN AS I'VE HEARD TELL



There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,  
She went to market her eggs for to sell;  
She went to market all on a market day,  
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.





There came by a pedlar, whose name was Stout,  
He cut her petticoats all round about;  
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,  
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When the little old woman first did wake,  
She began to shiver, and she began to shake;  
She began to wonder, and she began to cry,  
"Lauk a daisy on me, this can't be I !"

" But if it be I , as I hope it be ,  
I have a little dog at home , and he'll know me ;  
If it be I , he will wag his little tail ,  
And if it be not I , he will loudly bark and wail ."

Home went the little woman all in the dark ,  
Up got the little dog and he began to bark ;  
He began to bark , so she began to cry ,  
" Lauk a daisy on me , this is none of I : "



\* \* \* I HAVE A LITTLE SISTER \* \* \*



I have a little sister, they call her Peep, Peep;  
She wades the water, deep, deep, deep;  
She climbs the mountains, high, high, high.  
Poor little thing! she has but one eye.

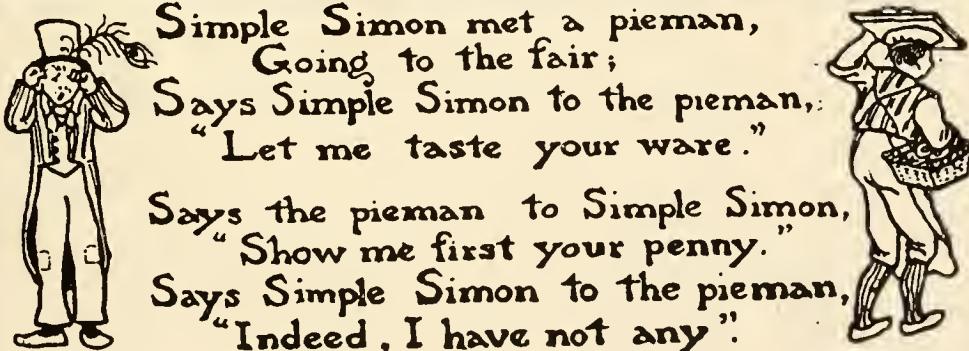


## SIMPLE SIMON



W.S.

Simple Simon met a pieman,  
Going to the fair;  
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,  
"Let me taste your ware."



Says the pieman to Simple Simon,  
"Show me first your penny."  
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,  
"Indeed, I have not any."





Simple Simon went a-fishing,  
For to catch a whale;  
But all the water he had got  
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look  
If plums grew on a thistle,  
He pricked his fingers very much,  
Which made poor Simon whistle.



# OLD · KING · COLE



Old King Cole, was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he;  
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.  
Every fiddler he had a fiddle  
And a very fine fiddle had he;  
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee went the fiddlers  
Oh! theres none so rare, as can compare  
With King Cole and his fiddler's three.



## A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL IN A ROUND-EARED CAP



A pretty little girl in a round-eared cap ~~was~~  
Met me in the streets t'other day; ~~I~~ went bump;  
She gave me such a thump, that my heart it ~~was~~  
I thought I should have fainted away! ~~was~~  
I thought I should have fainted away! ~~was~~



## CROSS PATCH



Cross patch, draw the latch,  
Sit by the fire and spin;  
Take a cup and drink it up,  
Then call your neighbours in.



## BARBER SHAVE A PIG

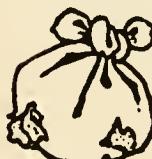
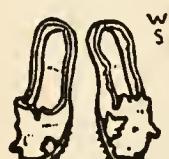


Barber, barber, shave a pig,  
How many hairs will make a wig;  
"Four-and-twenty, that's enough,"  
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.



# HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK.



 Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,  
  Beggars are coming to town;  
 Some in jags, some in rags,  
 And some in velvet gowns.



# BOY BLUE



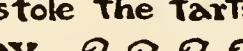
**B**lue Boy, come blow your horn,  
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;  
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?  
He is under the hay-cock fast asleep.  
Will you wake him? No not I;  
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.



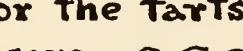
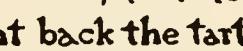
## THE QUEEN OF HEARTS



W.S.

he Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,  
All on a summer's day;   
The Knave of Hearts he stole the tarts  
And took them clean away. 

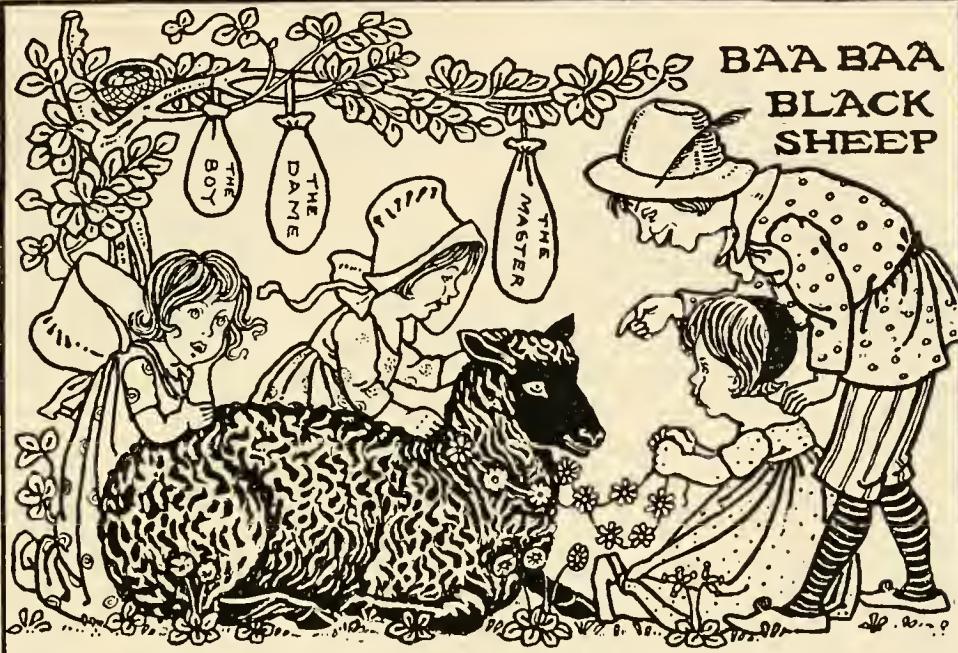


he King of Hearts called for the tarts,  
And beat the Knave full sore;   
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,  
And vowed he'd steal no more. 



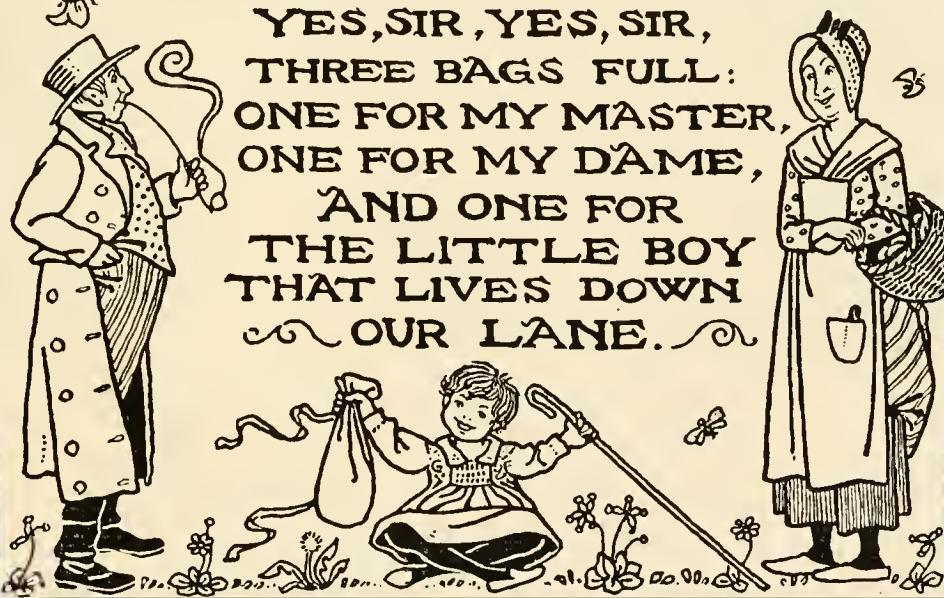


# BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP



BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP,  
HAVE YOU ANY WOOL?

YES, SIR, YES, SIR,  
THREE BAGS FULL:  
ONE FOR MY MASTER,  
ONE FOR MY DAME,  
AND ONE FOR  
THE LITTLE BOY  
THAT LIVES DOWN  
OUR LANE.





## MISTRESS MARY



Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
Silver bells, and cockle shells,  
And pretty maids all in a row.





Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
Silver bells and cockel shells,  
And pretty maids all in a row.

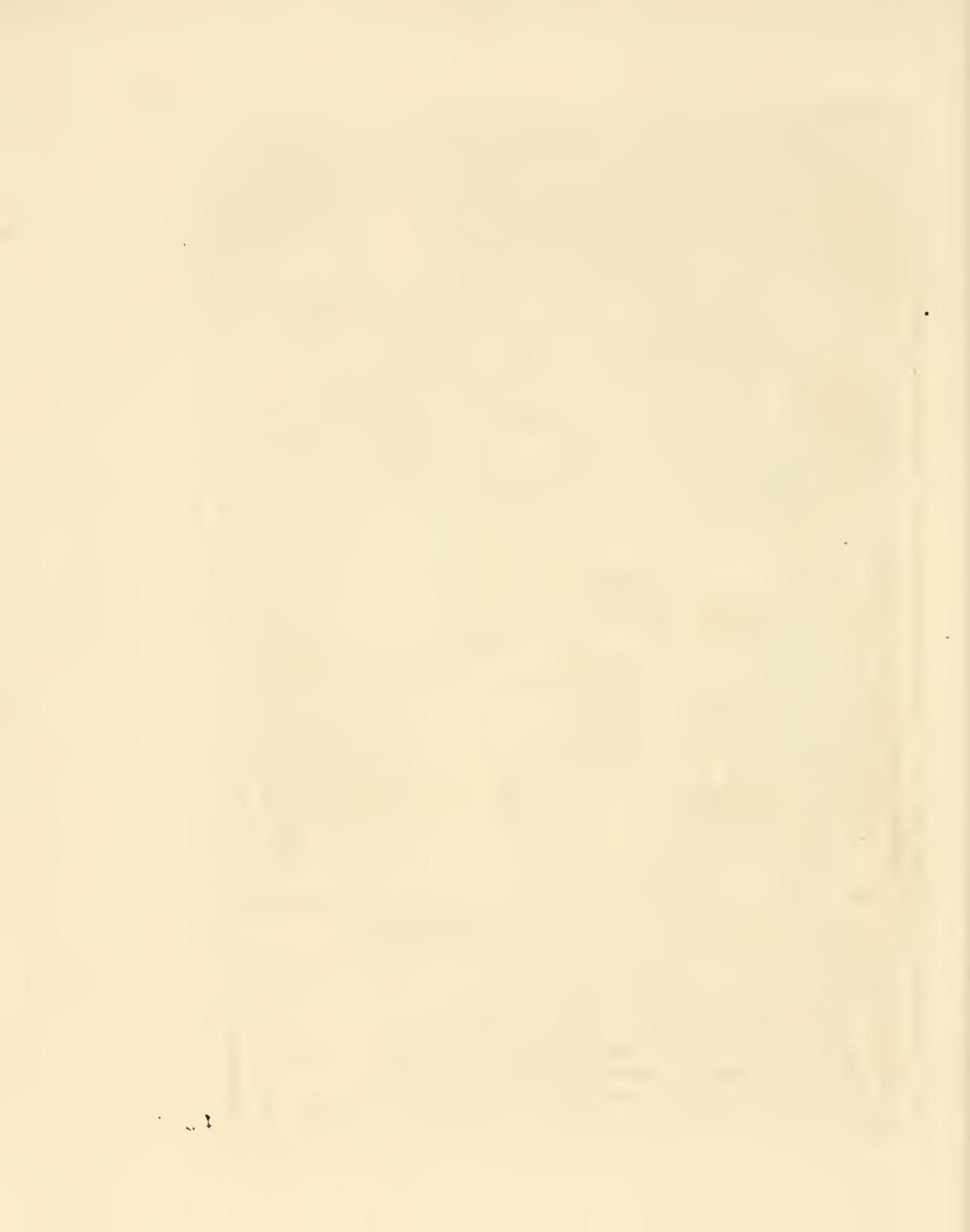




## LITTLE MISS MOPSEY



Little Miss Mopsey,  
She sat in the shopsey  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a great spider,  
And sat him down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Mopsey away.



## LITTLE TOM TUCKER



Little Tom Tucker sings for his supper;  
What shall he eat? white bread and butter.  
How shall he cut it without e'er a knife?  
How will he marry without e'er a wife?









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Aug  
RJ











